VERSES,

LATELY WRITTEN

UPON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS,

BY

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop on the Lower walk in the *New Exchange*. 1663.

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6. 30.
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BRITISH MUSEUM.

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VERSES,

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CHRISTS PASSION,

Taken out of a Greek Ode written by Mr. Masters *of New College in* Oxford.

1.

ENough, my Muse, of earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud, and everlasting strings,
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,
The happy mournfull stories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great Crucifyed King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which do'st rise
Till Earth thou joyneſt with the Skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye.
How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
What shall I play? what shall I sing?

The

I'le sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits
With all their Comments can explain; (above
How all the whole World's Life to dye did not disdain.

2.

I'le sing the Searchless depths of the Compassion Di-
The depths unfathom'd yet (vine,
By reasons Plummet, and the line of Wit,
Too light the Plummet, and too short the line!
How the Eternal Father did bestow
His own Eternal Son, as ransom for his foe,
I'le sing aloud, that all the World may hear,
The triumph of the buried Conquerer.
How hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great Slayer Death slain by the Dead.

3.

Me thinks I hear of murthered men the voice,
Mixt with the Murderers confused noise,
Sound from the top of *Calvarie*;
My greedy eyes fly up the Hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there: the midmost of the three;
Oh how unlike the others he! (the tree!
Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings from
His gratious hands, ne're stretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood:
And sinfull Man do's fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t'embrace all humane kind.

Unhappy

Unhappy Man, can'ſt thou ſtand by, and ſee
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins do's bear,
Make thou his ſufferings thine own,
And weep, and ſigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breaſt, and tear,
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Do'ſt thou not ſee thy Prince, in purple clad all o're,
Not purple brought from the *Sidonian* ſhore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Doſt thou not ſee the Roſes, which adorn
The thorny Garland, by him worn?
Doſt thou not ſee the livid traces
Of the ſharp ſcourges rude embraces?
If yet thou feeleſt not the ſmart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not Crucified,
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his ſide.

5.

Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine eyes,
And let 'em call
Their ſtock of moiſture forth, where ere it lyes,
For this will ask it all.
'Twould all (alas) too little be,
Though thy ſalt tears came from a Sea:

Can'ſt

Can thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his sides mysterious flood
May well be understood,
That he will still require some waters to his blood.

On *Orinda's* Poems.

ODE.

WE allow'd You Beauty, and we did submit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?
Orinda do's in that too raign,
Do's Man behind her in Proud Triumph draw,
And Cancel great [illegible]'s Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verse was Loves fire-arms heretofore,
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many Armes besides that Conquerour bore:
'Twas the great Canon we brought down
T' assault a stubborn Town;
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest Quarter take,
And so succesfull prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

Women

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Transmit to their Posterity;
If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.
'Twere shame and pitty' *Orinda*, if in thee
A Spirit so rich, so noble, and so high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
But thou industriously hast sow'd, and till'd
The fair, and fruitfull field;
And 'tis a strange increase, that it doth yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet altogether at a feast,
A secret Joy unspeakably does move,
In their great Mother *Cybele's* contented breast:
With no lesse pleasure thou methinks shouldst see,
Th's thy no lesse Immortal Progenie.
And in their Birth thou no one touch dost find,
Of th' ancient Curse to Woman-kind,
Thou bring'st not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is nor Labour of the brain,
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room
In th' unexhausted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the Holland Countess thou mayst bear
A child for every day of all the fertil year.

Thou doſt my wonder, wouldſt my envy raiſe
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe,
Where e're I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well knit ſenſe,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high, (eye.
Thoſe as thy fore-head ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet, (ſweet.
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera's* that o're Poets reign,
I ne'r could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm ſure in vain:
They talk of *Sappho*, but alaſs the ſhame!
Ill manners ſoil the luſtre of her Fame:
Orinda's inward virtue is ſo bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair incloſed Light,
It through the paper ſhines where ſhe does write.
Honour and Friendſhip, and the Generous ſcorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Diſeaſe,
Like that of Girles, our vicious Stomachs pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive Subjects of her pen,

And

And as the Roman Victory
Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men.

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could ne're inspire,
A Female Breast with such a fire.
The warlike *Amazonian* train,
Who in *Elysium* now do peaceful reign,
And wits milde Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be setled in their sex by her.
Merlin the Seer, (and sure he would not ly
In such a sacred Company,)
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Urinda* shew,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
Ev'n *Boadicia's* angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That *Rome's* become at last, by a woman of her Race.

ODE

ODE.

Upon occasion of a Coppy of Verses of my Lord Broghills.

BE gon (said I) Ingrateful Muse, and see
What others thou canst fool as well as me.
Since I grew Man, and wiser ought to be,
My business and my hopes I left for thee:
For thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.
But say, Ingratefull Mistress, say,
What, for all this, what didst Thou ever pay?
Thou'lt say, Perhaps, that riches are
Not of the growth of Lands, where thou dost Trade.
And I, as well my Country might upbraid
Because I have no Vineyard there.
Well: but in Love, thou dost pretend to Reign,
There thine the power and Lordship is,
Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas such a way as could not miss.
I like a Fool, did thee Obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain,
For after all my' expense of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Prize away.

2.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,
That she had given me Fame,

Bounty

Bounty Immenſe ! And that too muſt be try'd,
VVhen I my ſelf am nothing but a name.
VVho now, what Reader does not ſtrive
T' invalidate the gift whilſt w' are alive ?
For when a Poet now himſelf doth ſhow,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the Man that gives the deepeſt Blow :
And this is all, kind Muſe, to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took
And out at VVindow threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himſelf went with them too,
Hardly eſcap'd the ſacred *Mantuan* Book :
I my own Off-ſpring, like *Agave* tore,
And I reſolv'd, nay and I think I ſwore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
VVhere only flowry VVeeds inſtead of Corn did grow.

3.

When (ſee the ſubtil wayes which Fate does find,
Rebellious man to binde,
Juſt to the work for which he is aſſign'd)
The Muſe came in more chearful than before,
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
Loe thy reward! look here and ſee,
What I have made (ſaid ſhe)
My Lover, and belov'd, my *Broghill* do for thee.
Though thy own verſe no laſting fame can give,
Thou ſhalt at leaſt in his for ever live.

VVhat

What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
VVho Rant and Challenge all Men that have VVrit,
Will dare to oppose thee when
Broghill in thy defence has drawn his Conquering Pen?
I rose and bow'd my head,
And pardon ask'd for all that I had said,
Well satisfi'd and proud,
I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
That from her service now I ne'r would part.
So strongly, large Rewards work on a gratefull Heart.

4.

Nothing so soon the Drooping Spirits can raise
As Praises from the Men, whom all men praise.
'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those
Who have at home th'Ingredients can compose.
A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,
And keeps up Life even after Death.
The onely danger is, lest it should be
Too strong a remedie:
Lest, in removing cold, it should beget
Too violent a heat;
And into madness, turn the Lethargie.
Ah! Gracious God! that I might see
A time when it were Dangerous for me
To be o're heat with Praise!
But I within me bear (alas) too great allayes.

'Tis

'Tis said, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his Pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine
Their humane shapes, into a form Divine;
None who had set could her own Picture see,
Or say, One part was drawn for me:
So, though this nobler Painter when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book should before him sit,
Not as a cause, but an occasion to his wit:
Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
To my advantage out of it, since I,
In stead of my own likeness, onely find
The Bright Idea there of the great Writers mind?

ODE.

ODE.

Mr. Cowley's *Book presenting it selfe to the University Library of* Oxford.

HAil Learnings *Pantheon* ! Hail the sacred Ark
Where all the World of Science do's imbarque !
Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
Insatiate Times devouring Flood.
Hail Tree of Knowledg, thy leaves Fruit ! which well
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise,
Oxford the Muses Paradise,
From which may never Sword the blest expell.
Hail Bank of all past Ages ! where they lye
T' inrich with interest Posterity !
Hail VVits Illustrious Galaxy !
VVhere thousand Lights into one brightness spread;
Hail living University of the Dead !

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues which er' e (veler,
The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time the mighty Tra-
That could speak, or this could hear.
Majestick Monument and Pyramide,
VVhere still the shapes of parted Souls abide
Embalm'd in verse, exalted souls which now
Enjoy those Arts they woo'd so well below,
VVhich now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,

In

In the myſterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

3.

VVill you into your Sacred throng admit
The meaneſt Britiſh VVit?
You Gen'ral Councel of the Prieſts of Fame,
VVill you not murmur and diſdain,
That I place among you claim,
The humbleſt Deacon of her train?
VVill you allow me th'honourable chain?
The chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Priſoners proudly wear;
A Chain which will more pleaſant ſeem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:
VVill ye to bind me with thoſe mighty names ſubmit,
Like an Apocrypha with holy VVrit?
VVhat ever happy book is chained here,
Nor other place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Paſport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a ſeat in Heaven,
Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,
VVho caſting round his woundring eye,
Does none but Patriarchs and Apoſtles there eſpye;
Martyrs who did their lives beſtow,
And Saints who Martyrs liv'd below;
VVith trembling and amazement he begins,
To recollect his frailties paſt and ſins,

He doubts almost his Station there,
His soul sayes to it self, How came I here?
It fares no otherwise with me
When I my self with conscious wonder see,
Amidst this purifi'd elected Companie.
With hardship they, and pain,
Did to this happiness attain:
No labour I, nor merits can pretend,
I think Predestination only was my friend.

Ah, that my Authour had been ty'd like me
To such a place, and such a Companie!
Instead of sev'ral Countries, sev'ral Men,
And Business which the Muses hate,
He might have then improv'd that small Estate,
Which nature sparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And setled, upon me his Child, somewhat to live.
'T had happier been for him, as well as me,
For when all, (alas) is done,
We Books, I mean, You Books, will prove to be
The best and noblest conversation.
For though some errours will get in,
Like Tinctures of Original sin:
Yet sure we from our Fathers wit
Draw all the strength and Spirit of it:
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,
As the best blood of Man's employ'd in generation.

ODE.

Sitting and drinking in the Chair, made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's *Ships.*

CHear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more ſail and never ſpare;
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
Bleſs me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,
And we ſhall cut the Burning Line:
Hey Boyes! ſhe ſcuds away, and by my head I know,
VVe round the VVorld are ſailing now.
VVhat dull men are thoſe who tarry at home,
VVhen abroad they might wantonly rome,
And gain ſuch experience, and ſpy too
Such Countries, and VVonders as I do?
But prythee good *Pilot*, take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
VVith Gold, there the Veſſel we'll ſtore,
And never, and never be poor,
No never be poor any more.

2.

VVhat do I mean? what thoughts do me miſguide?
As well upon a ſtaff may VVitches ride
Their fancy'd Journies in the Ayr,
As I ſail round the Ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you ſee,
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,

Has wandred, and has travailed more,
Than ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
In every Ayr, and every Sea't has been, (seen.
'T has compas'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has
Let not the Pope's it self with this compare,
This is the only Universal Chair.

3.

The pious VVandrers Fleet, sav'd from the flame,
(Which still the Reliques did of *Troy* persue,
And took them for its due)
A squadron of immortal Nymphs became:
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
And still make new, and greater voyages;
Nor has the first Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
(Though now a star she so Triumphant show,
And guide her sailing Successors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece;)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of Heaven still carries her around.
Only *Drakes* Sacred vessel which before
Had done, and had seen more,
Than those have done or seen,
Ev'n since they Goddesses, and this a Star has been;
As a reward for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.
Let the case now quite alter'd be,
And as tho went it abroad the World to see;
Let the World now come to see thee.

4. The

The World will do't; for Curioſitie
Does no leſs than devotion, Pilgrims make;
And I my ſelf who now love quiet too,
As much almoſt as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that Chariot to ſee,
Which *Phaeton* ſo raſhly brake: (*Drake*?
Yet what could that ſay more than theſe remains of
Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of eaſe,
Haſt ſtill one way of Making Voyages;
The breath of fame, like an auſpicious Gale,
(The great trade-wind which ne're does fail,)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou ſhalt run,
As long around it as the Sun.
The ſtraights of time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an indiſcovered Sea,
And ſteer the endleſs courſe of vaſt Eternitie,
Take for thy Sail this Verſe, and for thy *Pilot* Mee.

ODE.

Upon Dr. Harvey.

I.

COy Nature, (which remain'd, though Aged grown,
A Beauteous virgin still, injoyd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When *Harveys* violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble, and to flee,
Took Sanctuary like *Daphne* in a tree:
There *Daphnis* lover stop't, and thought it much
The very Leaves of her to touch,
But *Harvey* our *Apollo*, stopt not so,
Into the Bark, and root he after her did goe:
No smallest Fibres of a Plant,
For which the eie-beams Point doth sharpness want,
His passage after her withstood.
What should she do? through all the moving wood
Of Lives indow'd with sense she tooke her flight,
Harvey persues, and keeps her still in sight.
But as the Deer long-hunted takes a flood,
She leap't at last into the winding streams of blood;
Of mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
Till at the heart she stayd,
Where turning head, and at a Bay,
Thus, by well-purged ears, was she o're-heard to say.

2.

Here sure shall I be safe (sayd shee)
None will be able sure to see
This my retreat, but only Hee
Who made both it and mee.
The heart of Man what Art can er'e reveal?
A wall Impervious between
Divides the very Parts within,
And doth the Heart of man ev'n from its self conceal.
She spoke, but e're she was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain,
Till all her mighty Mysteries did descry'd,
Which from his wit the attempt before did hide
Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practise of New life did see,
Whil'st to conceal its toylsome Poverty,
It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately,
Before the Liver understood
The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to set up the Trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tunefull March to vital Heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether implyd for earth, or sea, or air,

Whether

Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,
A ſtrict account to him is hourly brought,
How the Great Fabrick do's proceed,
VVhat time and what materials it do's need,
He ſo exactly do's the work ſurvey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* ſought for truth in truths own Book
The creatures, which by God himſelf was writ;
And wiſely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th' original it ſelf to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle others ſtand
Lock't up together, Hand in Hand,
Every one leads as he is led,
The ſame bare path they tread,
And Dance like Fairies a Fantaſtick round,
But neither change their motion, nor their ground:
Had *Harvy* to this Road confind his wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untroden yet.
Great Doctor! Th'art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
VVe now thy Patient Phyſick ſee,
From all inveterate diſeaſes free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer ayr,
It now will ſtrong, and healthfull prove,
It ſelf before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5.

Theſe Vſefull ſecrets to his Pen we owe,
And thouſands more 'twas ready to beſtow;
Of which a Barba'rous VVars unlearned Rage
Has robb'd the Ruin'd Age;
O cruell loſs! as if the Golden Fleece,
VVith ſo much coſt, and labour bought,
And from a farr by a Great *Hero* Brought,
Had ſunk eve'n in the Ports of *Greece*.
O Curſed VVarre! who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and towns may riſe again,
And ten times eaſier it is
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his.
That mighty task none but himſelf can doe,
Nay ſcarſe himſelf too now,
For though his VVit the force of Age withſtand,
His Body alas! and Time it muſt command,
And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſs't,
VVill ſure have her revenge on him at laſt.

ODE,

O D E,

Upon His Majesties Restoration and Return.

Virgil. —— *Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo*
Auderet; volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

1.

NOw *Blessings* on you all, ye peacefull *Starrs*,
VVhich meet at last so kindly, and dispence
Your universal gentle *Influence*,
To calm the stormy *World*, and still the rage of *Warrs*,
Nor whilst around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary Beams ye sent,
Did your *Pacifick Lights* disdain,
In their large *Treaty*, to containe
The VVorld apart, o're which do reign
Your seven fair *Brethren* of great *Charles his Wane*:
No *Star* amongst ye all did, I beleeve,
Such vigorous assistance give,
As that which thirty years ago,
At * *Charls* his *Birth*, did, in despight
Of the proud *Sun*'s Meridian Light,
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshow,
No lesse effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerfull *Ray*,
VVhich could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the King's Birth, just as the King his Father was riding to St. *Pauls* to give thanks to God for that Blessing.

2. Auspicious

2.

Auſpicious *Star* again ariſe,
And take thy *Noon-tide ſtation* in the skies,
Again all *Heaven* prodigiouſly adorn;
For loe! thy *Charls* again is *Born*.
He then was *Born with, and to Pain*:
With, and *to Joy* he's *born* again.
And wiſely for this *ſecond Birth*,
By which thou certain wert to bleſs
The Land with full and flouriſhing *Happineſs*
Thou mad'ſt of that fair *Month* thy choice,
In which *Heaven*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,
And all that's in them all does *ſmile*, and does *rejoyce*.
'Twas a right *Seaſon*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a face of *Paradiſe* to be found,
Than when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Innocence* again.

3.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that *Bleſſed Pair* behold,
Which the abuſed *People* fondly ſold
For the bright *Fruit* of the *Forbidden Tree*,
By ſeeking all like *gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Neſt* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And truſt that *Sea*, where ſhe can hardly ſay,
Sh'has known theſe twenty years one *calmy day*?
Ah! mild and gaulleſs *Dove*,
Which doſt the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love:

Canſt

Canst thou in *Albion* still delight?
Still canst thou think it *White*?
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In these deformed *Ruins*? will she clear
Th' *Augean Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Justice* hazard to be seen
Where a *High Court* of *Justice* e're has been?
Will not the Tragique Scene,
And *Bradshaw*'s bloody *Ghost* affright her there,
Her who should never fear?
Then may *White-hall* for *Charls* his *Seat* be fit
If *Justice* shall endure at *VVestminster* to sit.

4.

Of all, me thinks, we least should see
The chearfull looks again of *Liberty*.
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freshly still
The Curses of so many sufferers fill,
Is still enough to make her stay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Lest as a *Tempest* carried him away,
Some *Hurican* should bring him back again.
Or she might justlier be afraid
Lest that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tayl*, [made]
(And in his poysnous folds whole *Nations Prisoners*
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To joyn again, and with worse sting arise,
As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye *Sacred Power*,
And dread your perisht Enemies no more,
Your fears are causeless all, and vain

Whilst

VVhilſt you return in *Charls* his train,
For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* reſtore,
Nor ſhall the world him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye All*.

5.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go,
VVith a full Tide to every Port they flow,
VVith a warm fruitfull *wind* o're all the *Country* blow.
Honour does as ye march her *Trumpet* ſound,
The *Arts* encompaſs you around,
And againſt all *Alarms* of *Fear*,
Safety it ſelf brings up the *Rear*.
And in the head of this *Angelique band*,
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at laſt does ſtand
(O righteous *God* !) on his *own happy Land*.
'Tis *Happy* now, which could, with ſo much eaſe
Recover from ſo deſperate a *Diſeaſe*,
A various complicated *Ill*,
VVhoſe every *Symptome* was enough to *kill*,
In which one part of Three *Frenzey* poſſeſt,
And *Lethargy* the reſt.
'Tis *Happy*, which no *Bleeding* does indure
A *Surfet* of ſuch *Blood* to cure.
'Tis *Happy*, which beholds the *Flame*
In which by hoſtile hands it ought, to burn,
Or that which if from *Heaven* it came
It did but well deſerve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

We *fear'd* (and almoſt toucht the black degree
Of inſtant *Expectation*)
That the three dreadfull *Angels* we
Of *Famine*, *Sword*, and *Plague* ſhould here eſtabliſht ſee,
(*God*'s great *Triumvirate* of *Deſolation*)
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinfull *Nation*.
Juſtly might *Heav'n Protectors* ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch *Commitees* for their *Safety*, impoſe,
Upon a *Land* which ſcarſely *Better Choſe*.
We fear'd that the *Fanatique VVar*
Which men againſt *God*'s *Houſes* did declare,
Would from th' *Almighty Enemy* bring down
A ſure deſtruction on our *Own*.
We read th' *Inſtructive Hiſtories* which tell
Of all thoſe endleſs miſchiefs that befell,
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd ſo well,
After that *fatal Curſe* had once been ſaid,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens head.
We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was ſpilt,
'Twas ſcarcely done with *greater Guilt*.
We know thoſe miſeries did befall
Whilſt they rebell'd againſt that *Prince* whom all
The reſt of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

7.

Already was the *ſhaken Nation*
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought.
And it was haſting on (we thought)
Even to the laſt of *Ills*, *Annihilation*.
When in the midſt of this confuſed Night,
Loe, the bleſt *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light*.
For in the glorous *General*'s previous Ray,
We ſaw a new created *Day*.
VVe by it ſaw, though yet in *Miſts* it ſhone,
The *beauteons VVork* of *Order* moving on.
VVhere are the men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with the marks of good *ſucceſs*
Signe his allowance of their *wickedneſs*?
Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce *Thunder* and the violent *VVind*:
God came not till the *Storm* was paſt,
In the *ſtill voice* of *Peace* he came at laſt.
The cruell buſineſs of *Deſtruction*,
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we ſee th' *Almighty's hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *VVork*, we ſee't, and by the *Speed*.

8. He

8.

He who had ſeen the noble *Britiſh Heir*,
Even in that ill diſadvantageous *Light*,
VVith which misfortunes ſtrive t'abuſe our ſight;
He who had ſeen him in his *Clowd* ſo bright:
He who had ſeen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *Sisters* heavenly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (me thinks) with eaſe,
(But *wicked men* ſee only what they pleaſe)
That *God* had no intent t'extinguiſh quite
The *pious King's eclipſed Right*.
He who had ſeen how by the power Divine
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *fire* without *conſuming ſhine*,
How through a *rough Red ſea* they had been led,
By *VVonders* guarded, and by *VVonders* fed.
How many yeares of trouble and diſtreſs
They'd wandred in their fatal *VVilderneſs*,
And yet did never *murmur* or *repine*;
Might (me-thinks) plainly underſtand,
That after all theſe conquer'd Tryals paſt,
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at laſt
Conduct them with a ſtrong un-erring hand
To their *own Promis'd Land*.
For all the glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*,
And all *Heaven's bleſſings* to come down
Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
VVho *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyr's Crown*.

9.

The *Martyr's blood* was ſaid of old to be
The *ſeed* from whence the *Church* did grow.
The *Royal Bloud* which dying *Charles* did ſow,
Becomes no leſs the *ſeed* of *Royalty*.
'Twas in *diſhonour ſown*,
We find it now in *glory grown*,
The *Grave* could but the *droſs* of it devour;
'Twas *ſown* in *weakneſs*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*.
We now the *Queſtion* well decided ſee,
Which *Eaſtern Wits* did once conteſt
At the *Great Monarch's* Feaſt,
Of all on earth what things the ſtrongeſt be:
And ſome for *Women*, ſome for *Wine* did plead;
That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter *Age*.
But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greateſt *ſtrength*,
When they their ſacred force unite,
And twine into one *Right*,
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of humane *Policies*;
No ſtores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could joyn
Thoſe of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by Sea, or *Troops* by Land,
No deeply entrencht *Iſlands* can withſtand,
Or any ſmall reſiſtance bring,
Againſt the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

10.

The *fooliſh Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
End the ſame night when they begin;
No *Art* ſo far can upon *Nature* win
As e're to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in.*
Wher's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e'rewhile
Miſ-lead our *wandring Iſle?*
Where's the *Impoſtor Cromwell* gon?
Where's now that *Falling-ſtar* his *Son?*
Where's the *large Comet* now whoſe raging flame
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
Which o're our heads in ſuch proud horror ſtood,
Inſatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood?*
The *fiery Tayl* did to vaſt length extend;
And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
And twice renew'd the diſmal *Fire*;
Though long the *Tayl*, we ſaw at laſt it's end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which like an Anti-Comet here
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away;
Then did th' allotted hour of *dawning Right*
Firſt ſtrike our raviſht ſight,
Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could ſtay,
Than *Witches Charms* can a retardment bring
To the *Reſuſcitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Reſurrection* of the *Spring.*
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bleſs the *preceding Winter* and the *Night.*

11.

Man ought his *Future Happineſs* to fear,
If he be alwayes *Happy here.*
He wants the *Bleeding Mark of Grace,*
The *Circumciſion* of the *Choſen race.*
If no one *part* of him ſupplies
The duty of a *Sacrifice,*
He is (we doubt) reſerv'd *intire*
As a *whole Victime* for the *Fire.*
Beſides even in this *World* below,
To thoſe who never did *Ill Fortune* know,
The *good* does *nauſeous* or *inſipid* grow.
Conſider man's *whole Life,* and you'l confeſs,
The Sharp *Ingredient* of ſome *bad ſucceſs*
Is that which gives the *Taſte* to all his *Happineſs,*
But the true *Method* of *Felicitie,*
Is when the worſt
Of humane *Life* is plac'd the firſt,
And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be
The cauſe of *perfecting* the *Man;*
Let our *weak Dayes* lead up the *Van,*
Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band,*
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand;
The firſt we may *defeated* ſee;
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of theſe, are ſure of *Victory.*

Such are the *years* (great *Charles*) which now we see
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee*:
Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, & ſtill *Triumphant* be.
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill Fortune never ſhall *o're-take* thee more.
To ſee't again, and pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful look *behind*,
Things which *offend*, when preſent, and *affright*,
In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight.
Enjoy then all thy' *afflictions* now;
Thy *Royal Father's* came at laſt:
Thy *Martyrdom's* already paſt.
And *different Crowns* to both ye owe.
No *Gold* did e're the *Kingly Temples* bind,
Than thine more *try'd* and more *refin'd*.
As a choiſe *Medal* for *Heaven's Treaſury*
God did *ſtamp* firſt upon one ſide of *Thee*
The *Image* of his *ſuffering Humanity*:
On th' other ſide, turn'd now to fight, does ſhine
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

13.

So when the wiſeſt *Poets* ſeek
In all their livelieſt coſours to ſet forth
A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)
They chuſe ſome *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*,
(No proud *Gigantick ſon* of *Earth*,
Who ſtrives t' uſurp the *god's forbidden ſeat*)
They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
That cannot without *Joy* be eat.
But in the *cold* of *want*, and *ſtorms* of *adverſe chance*,
They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees;
The *beauteous Drop* firſt into *Ice* does *freez*,
And into *ſolid Chryſtal* next advance.
His *murdered friends* and *kindred* he does ſee,
And from his *flaming Country* flee.
Much is he *toſt* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
Does long the force of *angry gods* withſtand.
He does long *troubles* and long *wars* ſuſtain,
E're he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.
With no leſs *time* or *labour* can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a *Man*,
Who's with ſufficient virtue fill'd
His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild*.

14.

Nor without cauſe are *Arms* from *Heaven*,
To ſuch a *Hero* by the *Poets* given.
No *human Metal* is of force t'oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows.
Such was the *Helmet*, *Breaſt-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attaques did wield:
And all the *Weapons Malice* e're could try,
Of all the ſeveral *makes* of wicked *Policy*,
Againſt this *Armour* ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
Like *Swords* of *Ice*, in thouſand pieces broke.
To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
No ſhow on Earth can ſure ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they *great misfortunes* ſee
With *Courage* born and *Decency*.
So were they *born* when *Worc'ſter*'s diſmal *Day*
Did all the terrors of *black Fate* diſplay.
So were they born when no *Diſguiſes clowd*
His *inward Royalty* could *ſhrowd*,
And one of th' *Angels* whom juſt *God* did ſend
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend)
Aſſur'd me in a *Viſion* th' other night,
That *He* (and who could better judge than *He*?)
Did then more *Greatneſs* in him ſee,
More *Luſtre* and more *Majeſty*,
Than all his *Coronation Pomp* can ſhew to *Human Eye*.

15.

Him and his *Royal Brothers* when I saw
New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,
From their *affronts* and *sufferings* draw,
And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*;
Me-thought I saw the *three Judæan Youths*,
(Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Noblest Truths*)
In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No *hair* is sindg'd, no smallest *beauty* blasted;
Like *painted Lamps* they shine *unwasted*.
The greedy *fire* it self dares not be fed
With the blest *Oyl* of an *Anoynted Head*.
The honourable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a *Glory* compass them around,
And their *whole Body's crown'd*.
What are those *Two Bright Creatures* which we see
Walk with the Royal *Three*
In the same *Ordeal fire*,
And *mutual Joys* inspire?
Sure they the *beauteous Sisters* are,
Who whilst they seek to bear their share,
Will suffer no *affliction* to be there.
Less favour to those *Three* of old was shown,
To solace with their company,
The *fiery Trials* of *Adversity*;
Two Angels joyn with *these*, the *others* had but *One*.

16.

Come forth, come forth, ye *men of God beloved,*
And let the *power* now of that *flame,*
Which against you so *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be proved.
Come, mighty *Charls, desire of Nations,* come;
Come, *you triumphant Exile,* home.
He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
Of a whole *Land* which does at *once* rejoyce,
I hear th' united *People's sacred voice.*
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne're sent to *Land* so loud a *sound*;
The mighty *shout* sends to the *Sea* a *Gale,*
And swells up every *sail*;
The *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all;
The *Artificial Joy*'s drown'd by the *Natural.*
All *England* but one *Bonefire* seems to be,
One *Ætna* shooting *flames* into the *Sea.*
The *Starry Worlds* which shine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star.*
With *Wine* all *rooms,* with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow;
And *We,* the *Priests* of a *Poetick* rage,
Wonder that in this *Golden Age*
The *Rivers* too should not do so.
There is no *Stoick* sure who would not now,
Even some *Excess* allow;
And grant that one *wild fit* of *chearful folly*
Should end our twenty years of *dismal Melancholy.*

17. Where's

17.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *ſhare*
In this ſo raviſhing ſight,
And with the *part* ſhe *takes* to *add* to the *Delight* ?
Ah ! why art *Thou* not here,
Thou always *Beſt*, and now the *Happieſt Queen*,
To *ſee* our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be *ſeen* ?
God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
To ſhew that *Woman-kind* may be
Above that *Sex*, which her Superiour ſeems,
In wiſely managing the wide *Extreams*
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity*.
How well thoſe different *Virtues Thee* become,
Daughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdom* !
Thy Princely *Mind* with ſo much *Courage* bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more ;
With ſo much *Goodneſs* us'd *Felicity*,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee* ;
'Tis come, and ſeen to day in all it's *Bravery*.

18.

Who's that *Heroick Perſon* leads it on,
And *gives* it like a glorious *Bride*
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)
Into the hands now of thy *Son?*
'Tis the good *General*, the *Man* of *Praiſe*,
Whom *God* at laſt in gracious pitty
Did to th' *enthralled Nation* raiſe,
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,
To looſe the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.
For ever bleſt may *He* and *His* remain,
Who, with a *vaſt*, though leſs-appearing gain,
Preferr'd the *ſolid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has ſhown,
That more 'tis to *Reſtore*, than to *Uſurp* a *Crown*.
Thou worthieſt Perſon of the *Britiſh Story*,
(Though 'tis not *ſmall* the *Britiſh glory*)
Did I not know my *humble Verſe* muſt be
But ill-proportion'd to the *Heighth* of *Thee*,
Thou, and the *World* ſhould ſee,
How much my *Muſe*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Do's make *true Praiſe* her *Labour* and *Deſign*;
An *Iliad* or an *Æneid* ſhould be *Thine*.

19.

And ill ſhould We deſerve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you, *great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Moſt *truly Other Houſes* now,
Who have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *ſhame*
A *Parliaments* once *venerable name*;
And now the Title of a *Houſe* reſtore,
To that, which was but *ſlaughter-houſe* before.
If my advice, ye *VVorthies*, might be ta'ne,
Within thoſe reverend places,
Which now your *living preſence* graces,
Your Marble-*Statues* always ſhould remain,
To keep alive your uſeful *Memory*,
And to your *Succeſſors* th' *Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reaſon*, *Loyalty*.
For though a firmly ſetled *Peace*
May ſhortly make your publick labours ceaſe,
The grateful *Nation* will with joy conſent,
That in *this ſenſe* you ſhould be ſaid,
(Though yet the *Name* ſounds with ſome dread)
To be the *Long*, the *Endleſs Parliament*.

The Country Mouſe.

A Paraphraſe upon Horace 2 *Book*, Satyr. 6.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Cloſe to plow'd ground, ſeated commodiouſlie
His antient and Hereditary houſe,
There dwelt a good ſubſtantial Country-Mouſe:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouſe well coated, ſleek, and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, which loſt his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the Air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there,
For a dayes Lodging: the good hearty Hoſt,
(The antient plenty of his hall to boaſt)
Did all the ſtores produce, that might excite,
With various taſts, the Courtiers appetite.
Fitches and Beans, Peaſon, and Oats, and Wheat,
And a large Cheſnut, the delicious meat
Which *Jove* himſelf, were he a mouſe, would eat.
And for a *Haut gouſt* there was mixt with theſe
The ſwerd of Bacon, and the coat of Cheeſe.
The precious Reliques, which at Harveſt, he
Had gather'd from the Reapers luxurie.
Freely (ſaid he) fall on and never ſpare,
The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.
And thus at eaſe on beds of ſtraw they lay,
And to their Genius ſacrific'd the day.

Yet the nice gueſt's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil ſeem and kind)
Deſpis'd this Country feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
Your bounty and civility (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpriz'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the Gods have given you a mind,
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a Soul, ſo virtuous, and ſo great,
Loſe it ſelf thus in an Obſcure retreat?
Let ſavage Beaſts lodge in a Country Den,
You ſhould ſee Towns, and Manners know, and men:
And taſte the generous Lux'ury of the Court,
Where all the Mice of quality reſort;
Where thouſand beauteous ſhees about you move,
And by high fare, are plyant made to love.
We all e're long muſt render up our breath,
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from death.
Since Life is ſo uncertain, and ſo ſhort,
Let's ſpend it all in feaſting and in ſport.
Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake,
All the great things that mortals happy make.
Alas, what virtue hath ſufficient Arms,
T' oppoſe bright Honour, and ſoft Pleaſures Charms?
What wiſdom can their magick force repell?
It draws this reverend Hermit from his Cell.
It was the time, when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Thetis *boſom fell:*
She bluſht at firſt, and then put out the light,
And drew the modeſt Curtains of the night.
Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was ſet,
When to the Town our wearied Travellers get,

To

To a Lords houſe, as Lordly as can be
Made for the uſe of Pride, and Luxurie,
They come; the gentle Courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
But 'tis, Sir, your command, and being ſo,
I'm ſworn t' obedience, and ſo in they go.
Behind a hanging in a ſpacious room,
(The richeſt work of *Morclakes* noble Loom)
They wait awhile their wearied Limbs to reſt,
Till ſilence ſhould invite them to their feaſt.
About the hour that Cynthia's *Silver light*,
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the night;
At laſt the various Supper being done,
It happened that the Company was gone,
Into a room remote, Servants and all,
To pleaſe their noble fancies with a Ball.
Our hoſt leads forth his Stranger, and does find,
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the Table half fill'd diſhes ſtood,
And with delicious bits the floor was ſtrow'd.
The Courteous Mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both, with fat varieties are bleſt.
Th' induſtrious Peaſant every where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his Life's happy change.
Loe, in the midſt of a well fraighted Pye,
They both at laſt glutted and wanton lye.
When ſee the ſad Reverſe of proſperous fate,
And what fierce ſtorms on mortal glories wait.
With hideous noiſe, down the rude Servants come,
Six dogs before run barking into th' room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulneſs which retards their flight.

Our

Our trembling Peaſant wiſhes now in vain,
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curſt!
This, of all lives (ſaid he) is ſure the worſt.
Give me again, *ye Gods*, my Cave, and wood;
With peace let Tares, and Acorns be my food.

A Paraphraſe upon the 10*th. Epiſtle of the firſt book of* Horace.

Horace *to* Fuſcus Ariſtius.

HEalth, from the lover of the Country me,
Health, to the lover of the City thee,
A difference in our ſouls, this only proves,
In all things elſe, w' agree like marryed doves.
But the warm neſt, and crowded dove-houſe thou
Doſt like; I looſely fly from bough to bough.
And Rivers drink, and all the ſhining day,
Upon fair Trees, or moſſy Rocks I play;
In fine, I live and Reign when I retire
From all that you equal with Heaven admire.
Like, one at laſt, from the Prieſts ſervice fled,
Loathing the honie'd Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I a houſe for happineſs erect?
Nature alone ſhould be the Architect.
She'd build it more convenient, than great,
And doubtleſs in the Country chooſe her ſeat.

Is there a place, doth better helps ſupply,
Againſt the wounds of Winters cruelty?
Is there an Ayr that gentl'er does aſſwage
The mad Celeſtial Dogs, or Lyons rage?
Is it not there that ſleep (and only there)
Nor noiſe without, nor cares within does fear?
Does art through pipes, a purer water bring,
Than that which nature ſtrains into a ſpring?
Can all your Tap'ſtries, or your Pictures ſhow
More beauties than in Herbs and Flowers do grow?
Fountains and Trees our wearied Pride do pleaſe,
Even in the midſt of gilded Palaces.
And in your towns, that proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the Country to our ſight,
Men to the good from which they raſhly fly,
Return at laſt, and their wild Luxury,
Does but in vain with thoſe true joyes contend,
Which nature did to mankind recommend.
The Man who changes gold for burniſht braſs,
Or ſmall right Gemms, for larger ones of Glaſs:
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
Than he, who ſells a ſolid good, to buy
The painted goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wiſe, no glorious fortune chooſe,
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to loſe.
For, when we place, even trifles, in the heart,
With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear, untainted pleaſures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain greatneſs brings
To Kings, or to the favourites of Kings.

The horned Deer by nature arm'd ſo well,
Did with the Horſe, in common paſture dwell;
And when they fought, the field it alwayes wan,
Till the ambitious Horſe begg'd help of Man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the plain:
But never after, could the Rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel Maſters, they themſelves enſlave.
For Gold, their Liberty exchang'd we ſee,
That faireſt flow'r, which crowns Humanitie.
And all this miſchief does upon them light,
Only, becauſe they know not how, aright,
That great, but ſecret, happineſs, to prize,
That's laid up in a Little, for the Wiſe.
That is the beſt, and eaſieſt, Eſtate,
Which to a man ſits cloſe, but not too ſtraight;
'Tis like a ſhooe; it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large it overturns.
My deareſt friend, ſtop thy deſires at laſt,
And chearfully enjoy the wealth thou haſt.
And, if me ſtill ſeeking for more you ſee,
Chide, and reproach, deſpiſe and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleaſures to fulfill.
Shame and woe to us, if we' our wealth obey;
The Horſe doth with the Horſe-man run away.

O Fortunati nimium, &c.

A Translation out of *Virgil.*

OH happy (if his happineſs he knowes)
The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav'n beſtowes
At home all Riches that wiſe Nature needs ;
Whom the juſt Earth with eaſie plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fills the painted Chanels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich Figures, as they paſs,
In Tap'ſtry wrought, or cut in Living Braſs ;
Nor is his Wool ſuperfluouſly dy'd
With the dear Poyſon of *Aſſyrian* pride :
Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly ſpoil
The Native Uſe, and Sweetneſs of his Oyl.
Inſtead of theſe, his calm and harmleſs life
Free from the Alarm's of Fear, and ſtorms of Strife,
Does with ſubſtantial Bleſſedneſs abound,
And the ſoft wings of Peace cover him round :
Through artleſs Grotts the murmuring waters glide ;
Thick Trees both againſt Heat and Cold provide,
From whence the Birds ſalute him ; and his ground
With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep does ſound ;
And all the Rivers, and the Foreſts nigh,
Both Food and Game, and Exerciſe ſupply.
Here a well hard'ned active youth wee ſee,
Taught the great Art of chearful Povertie.
Here, in this place alone, there ſtill do ſhine
Some ſtreaks of Love, both Humane and Divine ;

From

From hence *Astræa* took her flight, and here
Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire which does controul
All the inferiour wheels that move my Soul,
Is that the Muse me her high Priest would make;
Into her holyest Scenes of Myste'ry take,
And open there to my mind's purged eye
Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny;
How in the Moon such change of shapes is found:
The Moon, the changing Worlds eternal bound.
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm Centre's antient ease;
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:
Varieties too regular for chance.
What drives the Chariot on of Winters light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the night.
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,
To send forth Sp'rits that raise a Soul so high;
In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, though unglorious destinie.
In Life's cool vale let my low Scene be laid;
Cover me Gods, with *Tempe's* thickest shade.
Happy the man I grant, thrice happy he
VVho can through gross effects their causes see:
VVhose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,
Through all th' allarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy! but next such Conquerours, happy they,
VVhose humble Life lies not in fortunes way.
They unconcern'd from their safe distant seat,
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the great.

The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
And the descent of forein Troops they hear.
Nor can even *Rome* their steddy course misguide,
With all the lustre of her perishing Pride.
Them never yet did strife or avarice draw,
Into the noisy markets of the Law,
The Camps of Gowned War, nor do they live
By rules or forms that many mad men give.
Duty for Natures Bounty they repay,
And her sole Laws religiously obey.
Some with bold Labour plow the faithless main,
Some rougher storms in Princes Courts sustain.
Some swell up their sleight sails with pop'ular fame,
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a Name.
Some their vain wealth to Earth again commit;
With endless cares some brooding o're it sit.
Country and Friends are by some Wretches sold,
To lye on *Tyrian* Beds, and drink in Gold;
No price too high for profit can be shown;
Not Brothers blood, nor hazards of their own.
Around the World in search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their home;
Mean while, the prudent Husbandman is found,
In mutual duties striving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertil moneth does some new gifts present,
And with new work his industry content.
This, the young Lamb, that, the soft Fleece doth yield;
This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn the Field:
All sorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumns* Pride;
And on a swelling Hill's warm stony side,

The

The powerful Princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does ſhine.
In th' Evening to a fair enſuing day,
VVith joy he ſees his Flocks and Kids to play;
And loaded Kyne about his Cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound the Milkers hand;
And when from wholſom labour he doth come,
VVith wiſhes to be there, and wiſh't for home,
He meets at door the ſofteſt humane bliſſes,
His chaſt wives welcom, and dear Childrens kiſſes.
VVhen any Rural Holy dayes invite
His Genius forth to innocent delight,
On Earths fair bed beneath ſome ſacred ſhade,
Amidſt his equal friends careleſly laid,
He ſings thee *Bacchus* Patron of the Vine,
The Beechen Boul fomes with a floud of VVine,
Not to the loſs of reaſon or of ſtrength:
To active games and manly ſport at length,
Their mirth aſcends, and with fill'd veins they ſee,
VVho can the beſt at better trials be.
Such was the Life the prudent *Sabins* choſe,
From ſuch the old *Hetrurian* virtue roſe.
Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,
From ſuch firm footing *Rome* grew the VVorld's head.
Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raiſe
The honour of poor *Saturns* golden dayes;
Before Men born of Earth and buried there,
Let in the Sea their mortal fate to ſhare.
Before new wayes of periſhing were ſought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought,
Before thoſe Beaſts which humane Life ſuſtain,
By Men, unleſs to the Gods uſe were ſlain.

Claudian's Old Man of *Verona.*

HAppy the Man, who his whole time doth bound
VVithin th' enclosure of his little ground.
Happy the Man, whom the same humble place,
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
VVith natural propension to that Earth
VVhich both preserv'd his Life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights by fortune set,
Could ever into fooliſh wandrings get.
He never dangers either saw, or fear'd:
The dreadful storms at Sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill allarms of war,
Or the worse noyses of the Lawyers bar.
No change of Consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his Calendar.
The cold and heat, VVinter and Summer shows,
Autumn by fruits, and Spring by flow'rs he knows.
He measures time by Land-marks, and has found,
For the whole day the Dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
H'as only heard of neat *Verona*'s Name,
And knows it like the *Indies*, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-Sea, and of *Benacus* lake.
Thus Health and Strength he to a third age enjoyes,
And sees a long Posterity of Boyes.
About the spacious VVorld let others roam,
The Voyage Life is longest made at home.

Martial

Martial Book 10. Epigram 96.

ME who have liv'd ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:
And a retreat ſo diſtant, as may ſhow
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a Country, how remote ſo e're,
Where happineſs a mod'rate rate does bear.
Where poverty it ſelf in plenty flowes,
And all the ſolid uſe of Riches knowes.
The ground about the houſe maintains it there,
The houſe maintains the ground about it here.
Here even Hunger's dear, and a full board,
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the Lord.
The Land it ſelf does there the feaſt beſtow,
The Land it ſelf muſt here to Market go.
Three or four ſuits one Winter here does waſt,
One ſuit does there three or four Winters laſt.
Here every frugal Man muſt oft be cold,
And little Luke-warm-fires are to you ſold.
There Fire's an Element as cheap and free,
Almoſt as any of the other Three.
Stay you then here, and live among the Great,
Attend their ſports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of Men you ſcore:
The Places bounty there, ſhall give me more.

A Paraphraſe on an Ode in Horace's *third Book, beginning thus,* Incluſam Danaen turris ahenea.

A Tower of Braſs, one would have ſaid,
And Locks, and Bolts and Iron bars,
And Guards, as ſtrict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preſerv'd one Innocent Maiden-head.
The Jealous Father thought he well might ſpare,
All further Jealous Care,
And as he waſkt, t' himſelf alone he ſmil'd,
To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;
And when he ſlept, his reſt was deep,
But *Venus* laugh'd to ſee and hear him ſleep.
She taught the Amorous *Jove*
A Magical receit in Love,
Which arm'd him ſtronger, & which help'd him more,
Than all his thunder did, and his Almighty-ſhip before.

2.

She taught him Loves Elixar, by which Art,
His Godhead into Gold he did convert.
No Guards did then his paſſage ſtay,
He paſs'd with eaſe; Gold was the VVord;
Subtle as Lightning, bright and quick and fierce,
Gold through Doors and walls did peirce;
And as that works ſometimes upon the ſword,
Melted the Maiden-head away,
Even in the ſecret ſcabbard where it lay.

The

The Prudent *Macedonian* King,
To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine, did ſpring.
He broke through Gates with this *Petar*,
'Tis the great Art of peace, the Engine 'tis of war;
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,
The Enſign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seaman's Star.

3.

Let all the VVorld, ſlave to this Tyrant be,
Creature to this diſguiſed Deitie,
Yet it ſhall never conquer me.
A Guard of Virtues will not let it paſs,
And wiſdom is a Tower of ſtronger braſs.
The Muſes Lawrel round my Temples ſpread,
'T does from this Lightnings force ſecure my head.
Nor will I lift it up ſo high,
As in the violent Meteors way to lye.
VVealth for its power doe we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,
The vaſt *Xerxean* Army I retreat:
And to the ſmall Laconick forces fly,
VVhich hold the ſtraights of Poverty.
Sellars and Granaries in vain we fill,
VVith all the bounteous Summers ſtore,
If the mind thirſt and hunger ſtill.
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
VVe Maſters grow of all that we deſpiſe.

5. And

5.

A field of Corn, a Fountain and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.
The Monarch on whom fertil Nile bestowes
All which that grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.
Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the Lord;
But is a tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.
Much will alwayes wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy He
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

The Complaint.

1.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade,
Of the black Yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful gray,
Where Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous way,
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay.
And Lo! a Muse appear'd to' his closed sight,
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)

Bodied,

Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal Light,
A golden Harp, with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,
In which all Colours, and all figures were,
That Nature or that fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;
And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air.
In such a Dress, in such a well-cloath'd Dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the (Ground.
The shaken strings Melodiously Resound.
Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?
And gather husks of Learning up at last,
Now the Rich Harvest-time of Life is past,
And *Winter* marches on so fast?
But, when I meant t' adopt Thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest Children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame;
Thou Changling, thou, bewitcht with noise and show,
Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go;

Wouldst see the World abroad, and have a share
In all the follies, and the Tumults there,
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a State,
And business thou would'st find, and would'st Create:
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of humane Lusts to shake off Innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence:
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

Go, Renegado, cast up thy Account,
And see to what Amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostacy.
Thou thought'st if once the publick storm were past,
All thy remaining Life should sun-shine be:
Behold the publick storm is spent at last,
The Soveraign is tost at Sea no more,
And thou with all the Noble Companie,
Art got at last to shore.
But whilst thy fellow Voyagers, I see
All marcht up to possess the promis'd Land,
Thou still alone (alas) dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand.

4.

As a fair morning of the bleſſed ſpring,
After a tedious ſtormy night;
Such was the glorious Entry of our King,
Enriching moyſture drop'd on every thing:
Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him light.
But then (alas) to thee alone,
One of Old *Gideons* Miracles was ſhown,
For every Tree, and every Herb around,
With Pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quickned ground,
The Fruitful ſeed of Heaven did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muſes Fleece was dry.
It did all other Threats ſurpaſs,
When God to his own People ſaid,
(The Men whom through long wandrings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Braſs:
They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not reſtrain,
Upon the moſt unjuſt to ſhine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice ſeven years and more,
Thou didſt with Faith, and Labour ſerve,
And didſt (if Faith and labour can) deſerve,
Though ſhe contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didſt ſee,
Giv'n to another who had ſtore
Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.

Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice seven years more, God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.
But think how likely 'tis, that thou
With the dull work of thy unwieldy Plough,
Shouldst in a hard and Barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou to whose share so little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

6.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The Melancholy *Cowley* said,
Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid
The Ills which thou thy self hast made?
When in the Cradle, innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, stole'st me away,
And my abused Soul didst bear,
Into thy new found Worlds I know not where,
Thy Golden Indies in the Air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravisht Freedom to regain;
Still I Rebell, still thou dost Reign,
Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn Weeds
Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds.
No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,
No useful Plant can keep alive:

The

The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow,
Make all my Art and Labour fruitleſs now;
Where once ſuch Fairies dance, no graſs doth ever grow.

7.

When my new mind had no infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th' inherent dye;
Long work perhaps may ſpoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white:
To all the Ports of Honour and of gain,
I often ſtear my courſe in vain,
Thy Gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
Thou ſlack'neſt all my Nerves of Induſtry,
By making them ſo oft to be
The tinckling ſtrings of thy looſe minſtrelſie.
Who ever this Worlds happineſs would ſee,
Muſt as entirely caſt off thee,
As they who only Heaven deſire,
Do from the World retire.
This was my Errour, This my groſs miſtake,
My ſelf a demy-votary to make.
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husbands fate,
(A fault which I like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And periſh for the part which I retain.

8.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muſe,
The Court, and better King t' accuſe;
The Heaven under which I live is fair;
The fertile ſoil will a full Harveſt bear;
Thine, thine is all the Barrenneſs; if thou
Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing, when I ſhould plough.
When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient Soveraign did attend
His long misfortunes fatal end;
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the great Sovereigns will he did depend:
I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuſe
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muſe!
Kings have long hands (they ſay) and though I be
So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all Princes thou
Shouldſt not reproach Rewards for being ſmall or ſlow;
Thou who rewardeſt but with popular breath,
And that too after death.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.